

Poetry Series

**Katherine Kobito**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Katherine Kobito()

# Darkness

The sun is going down.  
Everything is dark.

The angels sleep.  
Dogs howl.  
Babies cry.  
Parents shout.

The wind turns cold.  
The flowers wither.

Couples break up.  
Soldiers die.  
Students fail.  
Children go hungry.

The rain pours hard.  
Lightning strikes.

Pregnant women scream.  
Babies start to die.  
Birds no longer sing.  
Insane people get crazier.

The thunder rumbles...  
No one smiles.

Katherine Kobito

# Finding Faith

Here is a girl who has lost her way, feeling all alone.  
Her daddy died and her mama left, leaving her with no home.  
Shivering with fear, lips cold with frost,  
She is stuck on the street, feeling lost.  
Cindy Crawford is her name and she's 16 years old.  
Jack got her pregnant and he also left her in the cold.  
No money, no warmth, she is lost and weak, ,  
In her heart and soul, God is who she seeks.  
One rainy day, when she was finding a way to die,  
She saw light in between the clouds, high in the sky.  
When she saw the Light, she felt heat and love,  
For it was from the forgiving God up above!  
It stops raining and she feels a kick in her belly,  
Cindy knows in her heart that she is finally ready.  
Ready to take any obstacle thrown her way, and  
Knowing God will be with her every step of the way.

Katherine Kobito

# Here's A Story Of

A little girl who was crying on her way home.  
Her daddy beat her, her mommy left her all alone.  
She has no one to turn to, no one is there!  
The teachers look on without a care.  
She lost faith in God when mommy turned to crack.  
In her confused little mind, He'd turned His back.  
She's gonna run away before it gets real bad.  
But it is too late as she reaches the door,  
For her daddy's right there with a gun from the store!  
'Where do you think you're goin' He starts to say,  
With a small but sure voice, 'Well, I'm not gonna stay! '  
She crumples to the ground as a bullet slices through her head.  
The show's over now, for the angel is dead.

Katherine Kobito

# I Am

I am a person trying to find herself.  
I wonder what it takes to be all you can be.  
I hear the thoughts in my head running.  
I see my life flashing before me.  
I smell sweat after a day of hard work.  
I taste tears of frustration when I give up.  
I touch my pencil in my hand and write.  
I want to be my own boss.  
I am...myself.  
I pretend like I'm my own hero.  
I feel angry when things in life go wrong.  
I worry I'll never find what I want.  
I fear I'll never make it to the top.  
I cry when I fail.  
I am to never give in.  
I know I have a dream.  
I say what I think.  
I dream of being the best.  
I try desperately to grow.  
I hope to live my life fully.  
I am who I am.

Katherine Kobito

# If

If I were an angel, would I fly?  
If I were a bird, would I sing?  
If I were mad, would I scream?  
If I were sad, would I cry?

If the world was perfect,  
Would there be peace?  
If the world was perfect,  
Would there be no deaths?

If I were to think hard enough,  
Would I soar in my thoughts?  
If the world was the same,  
Would we all be alike?

If I sleep hard enough,  
I can just sleep.  
If I dream hard enough,  
I can remember what happened the next day.

If I were an angel, I would fly.  
If I were a bird, I would sing.  
If I were mad, I would scream.  
If I were sad, I would cry.

Katherine Kobito

# Love

Dawn by day,  
Dark by night.  
Birds in the sky,  
A beautiful sight.

Love in the air,  
Hatred far away.  
I think about you,  
Every single day.

I want us to be together,  
Until the end of time.  
'Till death do us part,  
Your heart is mine.

Katherine Kobito



# Suicide

Suicide is a scary word.  
People think it when life's too much.  
They think it's the only way out  
When the pressure gets tough.

They think how much they hate life,  
How they wish they were never born.  
They write letters to friends and family,  
Knowing they'll be torn.

People die everyday,  
From murder to suicide.  
Why do people want to take away their life,  
When it is so great to be alive?

Katherine Kobito

# To My Beautiful Angel

I can feel your soft fur in my hands,  
Like I put my hair in rubber bands.  
I can hear your slow and rhythmic breaths,  
As if I can hear creatures crawl at the ocean's depths!  
I can smell your breath on my face,  
Like I smell pollution all over the place!  
I can see your fur all over the house,  
As if the Angel of Death were walking, quiet as a mouse.  
I can taste your kisses on my cheek,  
It was my attention you tried to seek.  
I can't wait to see you when the Good Lord calls me Home,  
For without My Beautiful Angel, I feel so very alone.

Katherine Kobito

## To My Hero: Anne

You and six others lived in this small place.  
Yall went in hiding because of your race.  
You tried to be quiet, except for one sound.  
A robber heard it and spread it around.  
So the Gestapo made thing go array.  
One by one they took all you had away.  
You lived on this Earth for sixteen short years.  
No one ever saw your saddening tears.  
Once a pretty girl with dreams to write books.  
You went on writing, despite people's looks.  
You saw life differently than others,  
They tried to fly without feathers.  
There is a guy who reminds me of you.  
Surprise! His name is Winnie the Pooh!  
I say this because he is very kind.  
You and he once had the same type of mind.  
I honestly wish that you were still here.  
Both of us would talk all throughout the year.  
Being wise way beyond your sixteen yeras,  
Many things were shared, including your tears.  
You are my hero, my savior, myf riend.  
I wish we could talk 'till the very end.  
I strongly believe that we will meet someday.  
I won't lose hope-I'm living today.

Katherine Kobito

## You Know Who You Are (Sestina)

I used to be hurt. My heart was as torn as a sad clown.  
Watching my world break was dispicable.  
My friends betrayed me, believing rumors  
instead of me. All because of you! Why  
I talked to you, I know now what it was:  
desperation. I thought I needed you!

My family said you were bad. I thought you  
were the love of my life. You were clowning  
around when I wanted more. Your heart was  
so cold. What you did is dispicable!  
You and I were confused. That showed me why  
you were alone. Since you lost me, rumors

were spread. Rumors of my life and rumors  
of who I am. At first I was hurt. You  
were silent. Me at a loss as to why  
you did it. I know now you were clowning  
with me, saying sorry. Discpicable  
to look at. Without you, I am strong. Was

I so weak that I had to talk to you? Was  
I so blind that I lost Faith? Yes. Rumors  
and love makes the world spin. Dispicable

like murder. Now I don't love or need you.  
Faith helps me grow. Family and real friends clown  
with me, but not to hurt me. I know why

I didn't listen to anyone. Why?  
Cause I wanted to be in love! I was  
so lost, like the mouth of a clown  
lost under paint. Supposed friends heard rumors  
and ran like the wind. You spread it and you  
said sorry. You are dispicable.

I abhor clowns. They are dispicable,  
cause they're fake. Why start fights or rumors?  
You started it. I was stuck: Now I'm free!

Katherine Kobito